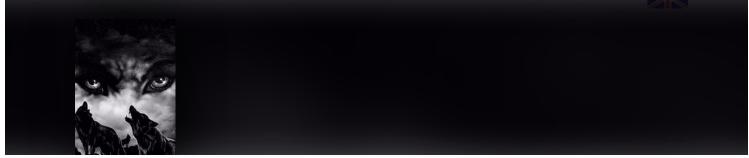


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What's the worst that could happen?









Chapter 1 by William

I ran. All I could think of was running, running to escape, and survive. I heard his heavy breathing and monstrous footsteps behind me. The forest was as dark as I had never seen it before. I normally didn't fear the dark or the forest or being alone. Such are things that only weak people are afraid of. And I had never been weak. But now I was afraid.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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